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THE BLACKSMITH OF GRUNDERWALD.

CHAPTER II.

The brilliant tints that beautify the fading year were glowing on the woods and hills of the Tyrol under the mellow sunshine of St. Martin's summer, that gracious season which gives the mountain people time to gather in the last of their late harvest, and prepare against their cold and stormy winter. They were turning it to good account in house and farm throughout the country, yet on one of its finest mornings the village homes of Grunderwald and the fields around showed no signs of life or labor. Almost the entire population were crowded in their ancient church, at one of the special services introduced by Father Felix.

It was the first Friday before the feast of St. Martin, a day kept in honor of Ste. Cunagunde, a recluse who lived in the seventh century, and of whom it was recorded that having made a vow never to come out of her cell, she refused to leave it when the wooden church of which it formed a part was on fire and perished in the flames, for which dreadful suicide the lady was duly canonized.

All the village were at church except Ludwig Estermann and his daughter; even the faithful apprentice had gone with the multitude. Contrary to his custom, the smith himself sat idle that morning, on a rustic seat in his garden. His strong hands were unemployed, but his mind was busy with sad and vexing thoughts: the feast of St. Martin would fall on the following Wednesday, and twenty-five thalers were yet wanting of the instalment that must be paid to Adam Finkler on that day, or his house and home were forfeited.

The financial state of Grunderwald, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, would seem an improbable case to most English people in the wane of the nineteenth, but so it was that twenty-five thalers could only be raised by one expedient that Estermann could devise. The few that had money to lend in the neighborhood were among the fiercest of his adversaries on the saints'-day business, and would have nothing to do with the affairs of a man whose difficulties they believed to be a special judgment on his heinous sin of working on the holy days. Adam Finkler was of the same opinion; nobody espoused the cause of the saints with more ardor than the rich old man, who having no work to do, did not care for the loss of time it brought to his poorer neighbors, and hoped to make up by superstitious observances for the sins of a usurious life, and a heart set upon gain.

Moreover, Adam had cast a covetous eye on the house so much improved by Ludwig Estermann. He had sold it too cheap; it was too good for a blacksmith to live in, and would make a nice home for himself in his declining days; in short, the chance of repossessing the place by Ludwig's failing to pay the last instalment was a temptation too strong to be resisted. Adam would hear of no extension of time; it was contrary to his principles to let a bargain be broken, though people who worked on holy days might wish to do so. The one expedient which Ludwig thought of under those circumstances, was to borrow the money he needed from a certain Swiss, residing in his native village on the frontier, a money-lender by trade, usurer by repute, who would advance the twenty-five thalers at an interest of something like fifty percent, to be paid within a year, and secured by a mortgage on the house. The mode of escape so offered was even more dangerous than the unlucky bargain had been, but it would avert the immediate loss of his house and home, with all the hard earnings and laborious days he had spent upon it, and after long consideration Ludwig made up his mind to accept it.

"It will stave off the loss for a year at any rate," he said, "and may be the Lord will send me some help in that time. I deserve to lose for making such a foolish bargain, but blessed be His name, it is His goodness, and not our own deservings, we have to depend on, for this world and the next."

While Ludwig thus pondered on his prospect of paying one usurer by getting into the clutches of another, his daughter sat spinning in the porch, but her thoughts were occupied with the same subject or rather with a part of it which more immediately concerned herself.

The Mullers had been familiar friends of the Estermanns when they apprenticed their eldest son to the blacksmith and for some years after, but the difference of opinion regarding the saints' days had somewhat cooled their friendship. They had given a cordial consent to the engagement between Ernest and Margaret when everything went well at the forge, and the best house in the village was looked on as the future home of the pair; but as Ludwig's trade declined and it was rumored that Adam Finkler was waiting for re-possession of the house he had sold on such remarkable terms, the Mullers found out that their son might do better and finally withdrew their consent to his marriage with Margaret Estermann till she had a better prospect or he had realized some means wherewith to begin the world.

Paternal authority in the matter of weddings stood high in the Tyrol at that time, and had law and custom been less strict on the subject neither of the young people would have taken the all-important step without the full approbation of parents on both sides.

"We must wait, Margaret," said Ernest, "may be the old people are right, may be this hinderance has been sent for a trial of our truth and affection to each other; but I have been thinking that your father has made a good blacksmith of me; they say there is plenty of work to be had in the Austrian states. I could go there, hard as it would be to part from you, for a year to come, and earn something handsome to pay the Swiss he means to borrow from, and redeem the house for us all."

She was thinking of that project; it was a good and a wise one, and promised real help to her father out of his difficulties, but its execution would take Ernest far away among strangers, and who could tell but some stranger's face would make him forget her? The village around lay silent and deserted, there was not an eye to see, or an ear to hear her regrets, which in the safety of solitude came in deep sobs from the young girl's breast and heavy tears from her eyes. Absorbed by her sorrow she saw or heard nothing, till a voice almost at her side said: "Fraulein, can you tell me where the blacksmith is?" Margaret started up with a very red face; there stood a man whom she had never seen before; his dress though plain was not of her country; his countenance was grave and dignified, and his age seemed to be in the meridian of life.

"My father is in the garden, sir," said Margaret, hastily drying her eyes, and scarcely knowing what to say in her confusion; "but I will fetch him in a moment," and she moved away.

THE KAISER JOSEPH.

"Stay," said the stranger, laying his hand on her shoulder, "you have been weeping, what is it that grieves you? Perhaps I could do something to relieve your sorrow. Nay; never fear to tell me, child," he added in a kindly tone, as the girl shrank from his enquiring gaze. "I am old enough to be your father almost; tell me at once what troubles you, and if I can do no good, be sure I will do no harm."

There was something in the stranger's look and manner that won Margaret's confidence, her nature was honest as well as artless, and in the excitement of the moment she told him plainly but briefly how the case stood.

"Twenty-five thalers," said the stranger, as if talking to himself; "could one do so much good with that sum?" and then in a louder tone he said, clapping Margaret on the back, "Don't be afraid my good girl, your father shall not lose his house, nor your lover go away if I can help it—but say no more about the matter, only run and fetch the blacksmith here to me."

Margaret did exactly as she was told, it was her habit, and in another minute Ludwig Estermann, with a much astonished look, made his bow to the stranger. "Your forge is cold and deserted, Mr. Blacksmith," said the latter, "and I want an important piece of work done; one of the wheels of my coach has broken down on this wretched road of yours," and he pointed to one of the massive carriages employed by the rich and noble of the day, which now appeared at the top of the steep and rugged road leading to Grunderwald, slowly lumbering on with its broken wheel, six tired horses and several men assisting in its motion. "Can you mend that wheel for me without delay? I am anxious to get on and would pay you handsomely," said the stranger.

"I can do anything in ironwork, sir," said Ludwig, "but I have no one to blow the bellows; Margaret is not accustomed to the like, and my apprentice is gone to the mass of Ste. Cunagunde in the church yonder, where all the inhabitants of the village are gathered; and if it were over, not a soul of them would do any kind of work to-day."

"Are they all such strict observers of saints' days in your village?" said the stranger, casting a keen glance on the unrepaired houses and ill-cultivated fields around him.

"All but myself and my daughter," said Ludwig. "We hold it no sin for poor people to follow the honest callings by which they must live, on any day of the week that God has given them, seeing it will do neither good nor honor to those holy men of old whom they call saints, to waste day after day in harvest or seed time, with mass in the morning and idleness all the hours after."

"You are right, my friend; but your neighbors don't agree with you it seems," and the stranger again glanced at the decaying village.

"They do not, and to tell the truth I have got into such bad repute with them about working on these saints' days, that all the custom has left my forge, and gone to another blacksmith from Innspruck, though I am a better workman than he, or any of the town's folk, as your honor should see by the mending of that wheel, if I had somebody to blow the bellows."

"I will blow them myself," cried the stranger.

The astonished blacksmith made haste to stir up the smouldering embers of a charcoal fire that remained in his unfrequented forge, and heaped on fuel till a strong and brilliant flame was kindled. The men brought up the coach and its broken wheel, the stranger fell to the bellows, and, after a few directions as to the mode of blowing, worked at them with a will, while Estermann hammered away till the job was fairly done.

"Now," he said, looking proudly on the repair he had made, "your honor will find that wheel go as safely through the ruts and over the stones as the best of its three brothers."

"I hope it will," said the stranger; "but let the coach go on a little way to prove its safety, while you and I settle accounts. Take it to the top of the village street; I will meet you there," he added to his men, and then turning to the blacksmith said: "What have I to pay, my friend, for your good work, and also for learning to blow the bellows?"

"Well," said Ludwig, "that must be taken off the charge, as I had no one else to blow; but the job was a hard one. Would your honor think ten sols too much?"

The stranger turned a few steps aside, took out a richly-embroidered purse, counted some coins out of it, which he folded in a piece of paper, put it into Ludwig's hand, with "Good morning, my friend," smiled kindly on Margaret, as she stood in the porch, and walked quickly away to his carriage.

The lengthy service of Ste. Cunagunde's day was finished, and the villagers came pouring out of church just as the coach stopped at the top of the street, and the stranger walked up to it. A coach and six fine horses, with servants in handsome livery, was a sight rarely seen in Grunderwald. The liberated congregation crowded round with wonder and curiosity in every face, which were rather increased when Ludwig Estermann, with a small packet in his hand, rushed up to the stranger, exclaiming:

"Your honor has made a mistake: instead of ten sols you have given me ten gold pieces, not one of which anybody in this village could change."

"You will get change for the ducats in the nearest town, my friend," said the stranger, smiling. "I made no mistake in the matter, but gave you the gold intentionally to pay off the debt on your house, that you and yours might henceforth life there without fear or trouble, as honest people should. Besides, I thought that the Kaiser of Germany ought to pay something extra for learning to blow a sound pair of forge bellows. Yes, my good people," he continued, as every mouth opened, and every eye stared wide with astonishment, "I am the Kaiser Joseph, making a quiet journey to see my Italian dominions, and I have found a happy opportunity this day to help out of his difficulties the only sensible man in Grunderwald, the one individual among you who was wise enough to mind the work that was useful to himself and to others, instead of wasting the day in superstitious rites and disgraceful idleness. Ludwig Estermann, you shall henceforth be the Kaiser's blacksmith in this part of the country; all the ironwork wanted by government officers shall be done in your forge; and I desire that all my loyal subjects in your neighborhood shall have their ironwork done there also, as but for your good sense and firmness in rejecting the foolish custom of your people, I must have been put to serious inconvenience and delay." So saying he waved his hand to Ludwig, and stepped into the coach, which was rapidly driven away.

The crowd remained for some minutes dumb with amazement, but soon every tongue was in motion, enquiring of the blacksmith, whom they followed home to his house, how it had happened, and all the particulars of the event which they had missed by attending Ste. Cunagunde's mass. Ludwig satisfied them, and for weeks after there was nothing else talked of in Grunderwald or the country round. In process of time the incident became one of those traditions related in friendly gatherings by the mountain firesides, but in its own generation it had some good and lasting effects. The first was that saints'-day keeping, so rebuked by imperial lips, went rapidly out of fashion. It is said Father Felix was the first to take advantage of the change in popular opinion, and surrounding priests and parishes gradually followed his example. The next was, that Ludwig Estermann became a man of mark and of substance. Had he not been appointed blacksmith to the Kaiser? Did not every villager immediately discover how inferior was the work of his rival from Innspruck, till that unlucky craftsman had no alternative, but to pack up and return to his native town? The loyal subjects brought every scrap of work they wanted to the forge which had been graced by the presence of an emperor, and the bellows his imperial hands had blown became one of the sights of Grunderwald. The debt on Ludwig's house, much to the disappointment of Adam Finkler was fully paid, and Ernest did not go to seek work in the Austrian states, for he and Margaret were married with the cordial approbation of all the Mullers.

It is said that the effects of the numerous and strictly kept saints' days, which Joseph II. observed in his incognito journey through the Tyrol to Italy in 1769, occasioned the famous edict for the regulation of holydays, which he published some time after. It was not issued without much opposition by many of the clergy, and even by his mother the Empress Queen. Her scruples were finally overcome by her son's relating, as a proof of the necessity for such regulation, how himself had been obliged to blow the bellows for the blacksmith of Grunderwald.

JOE'S PARTNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET," &C.

(*National Temperance Society, New York.*

CHAPTER V.—MR. BROWN.

Harry Barber's little family were gathered at the breakfast-table, on the morning after his escape. It was a scanty meal, just a warm loaf, and a pitcher of fresh water; but as the husband and wife looked at each other, there was a silence: the same deep feeling of gratitude was filling their hearts.

Harry folded his hands, and looked upward, saying:

"We thank God for His mercies; we thank Him for daily bread; may He help our souls. Amen."

The words were few and simple, but this was the first family prayer in that household, and as Kate broke the bread and gave it to the children, she felt as sure that the Saviour was lovingly present, as when on the mountain-side He blessed the loaves, and gave them with His own hands to the disciples.

All the Barbers were again cheerily at work in the fields together, when they heard the sound of the letting down of the bars by the turnpike.

The stranger quietly tied his horse to the fence, and then came toward the little party, who stood waiting to see what he could want.

"Mr. Barber, I believe?" he said looking respectfully at Harry. "I'm a stranger to you—my name is Brown."

Mr. Brown went on to give the little group a very flattering sketch of himself. It was a wonder that the virtuous and prosperous life he described had not given him a more pleasing appearance. He had been in the grocery line; always doing a good business wherever he was. He had a good name in the country—that was a comfort. He had never been a drinking man. He thought it a shame for any man to take more than was good for him. The way to avoid that was to have a respectable place, where a workingman could take a dram and be never the worse for it. In short, he was going to have just such a place, where an honest, respectable man could step in and take a drink and never find bad company. He did not mean to have any noisy, low doings about his place. Why, if a man came to the shop drunk, he must be put out the door and sent about his business. That was the only way to manage the matter.

He had his license; his shop was open and promised to do well—so well, that he needed a clerk. He had heard of Mr. Barber; that he was a man to be trusted, one that was a favorite, with a pleasant way with him, and a civil word for everybody. He had heard, too, he did not mean to take anything more himself. That was a good thing. A drinking-man in a liquor-shop would never do. That was poor management. He couldn't offer Mr. Barber much. Six dollars a week was, to be sure, no great sum, but still it would help to make ends meet. Here he looked at the hard, tough soil, and then at the thin woman and eager-faced little boy.

"You wouldn't be needed before eight o'clock in the morning," he continued; "and then, as to going home at night, that would be as the custom should be. If you got belated any time, why, here's the waggon; and Billy he'd bring you out in less than no time, and you could drive him in in the morning. You see, I like to accommodate," and Mr. Brown drew up his little, fat figure, and tried to look amiable.

"It might do," said Harry, looking at Kate. "We can't go on in this way. Why, it will be winter before we get anything to speak of off the place."

This he said in an undertone, as he drew his wife away from the group.

"Don't do it, Harry," said Kate, earnestly. "Remember the prayer about keeping out of temptation."

"It seems to come to me a safe kind of a place just when I want to do well," he urged. "When I see you look so thin and pale, and think how I have brought you to it, I can't bear it. You must have nourishing food, and so must the children.

Here Harry stepped back toward Mr. Brown. That worthy man hastened to say:

"I mentioned six dollars a week, but there are little things that come in that I could throw in your way to get for a trifle. We often have a hat or a good coat or something of that kind that you could get for half its value—yes, almost for nothing, if you do well by me. Why, I have a coat now that would be just the thing for you for Sunday."

Now Kate loathed the thought of those garments, pawned, no doubt, for drink by some poor wretches who almost give their souls for one more cup of the poison that was destroying them.

"Harry," she said. "I must speak out plainly," She saw he was yielding, and did not mean to give her another private hearing.

"Harry, I would rather see you in rags than in clothes some poor drunken creature has sold for drink. 'Touch not, taste not, handle not' is the only plan for you. Keep away from the very smell of drink. Don't risk your soul by standing selling poison to men who are crazy for it, to send them beside themselves, to make some poor wife miserable. I hate the very name of a liquor-shop. I wish they were all shut, so that poor, weak men and women might have a chance to keep their good resolutions. Yes, Mr. Brown, my husband has a pleasant way with him, but he won't use it to lead other men into the pit he means to keep out of himself."

Kate paused from the very excess of feeling.

"Very well talked, ma'am," said Mr. Brown coolly. "That does for you women, but a man who feels the responsibility of providing for a family, feels differently. In these times he can't choose his business. When an opening comes he must take it. I understand just how it is with you, ma'am. I take no offence, but you needn't be so wrought up. Your husband here can be just as temperate a man in my shop as out here, where there's nothing to drink, and may be not so much to eat, either."

It was plain that Harry was being influenced—what could the poor wife do?

"Yes," continued Brown, seeing he was gaining ground. "Yes, and there'd often be work for the boy too, taking home a trifle for a customer, an errand here or there. Would you like to turn an honest penny, my boy?"

Kate put her arm around Joe, as if Mr. Brown was going to carry him off bodily. She need not have feared for the giant; he had already a mind of his own.

Joe drew himself up in his fiercest way and said, "That's not the work for me, Mr. Brown; I hate the very sight of liquor. Please, father," he urged boldly, "I just want to say one thing to you; don't do anything till you see the young gentleman—the one who was here last night; I know he has got something in his head for us. Just wait a day or two and you'll find out about it."

"Nonsense!" said the father hastily. "Nonsense! your young gentleman who went off this morning without so much as saying thank you for his supper and lodging, won't be likely to give us six dollars a week out of friendship!"

"Waiting won't do," said Mr. Brown; "I must have my answer this morning; I have another man in my eye: a single man with no wife to keep him in leading-strings."

"Harry," said Kate solemnly, "remember the last great day! How would you like then to see a picture of all the men you had tempted to drink, coming up to look you in the face, and reproach you for what you'd brought them to? I'd rather starve. I'd rather work my hands to the bone, than see you going right into temptation, and being a decoy to wile other men down to ruin. Bid Mr. Brown good-morning, and tell him we have a heavenly Father, who will never suffer us to lack our daily bread while we are trying to serve Him."

"Good-morning, Mr. Brown; I will not take the place," said Harry firmly. "Get out of the business yourself, sir, as soon as you can; you will not like the look of it when this world is over. Thank God, Kate, you have saved me. Yes, we'll try and stand by the right, wife, and God will help us! Good-bye, Mr. Brown; we've done with drink in this house; a crust and honest work is better for us, with God's blessing on our little home!"

Mr. Brown saw that Harry was in earnest now, and had really made a decision.

The liquor seller did not look very amiable as he untied his horse, and drove rapidly over the rough road without once looking behind him.

(*To be Continued.*)

ANOTHER trophy for rum. The cause of Gen. Burrows' defeat in Afghanistan, heretofore a mystery, is now ascribed to the drunkenness of his soldiers, who helped themselves to the liquor in broken rum-casks.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MEANS OF HEALTH.

Here is something worth knowing. If, say, fifty people are shipwrecked on an almost desert and very unhealthy island, and all are exposed to the same disease-producing causes, exposure to wet, to obnoxious vapors, and to cold and privation, and forty of these fifty fall sick, it does not by any means follow that they will suffer from the same complaints. Indeed, hardly any three of their illnesses will be the same, and ten out of the fifty, as we have seen, escape scot-free. And why, you may ask, is this? It is simply because the causes of disease to which they were each and all exposed have a habit of seeking out the weakest part in each individual and attacking that. Thus exposure to cold, which might produce inflammation in the lungs in one person, would bring on an attack of rheumatism in another.

We learn from this that the best plan to avoid illness, and pass unscathed through the midst of spreading sickness, is to keep the body healthy and the mind cheerful. You have heard what a happy immunity medical men and district visitors have from many diseases, how they can mingle freely with fever-stricken patients, and pass unharmed through wards polluted with plague and pestilence. Is it, think you, because they bear charmed lives or carry about them some prophylactic that protects them, amulet that shields them from the daggers of death? Yes; but the prophylactic is attending to all the ordinary rules of health; the amulet is a hardy constitution engendered by so doing. When medical men do fall victims to the disorders they have been fighting against on behalf of others it is generally after they have been thoroughly worn out and their systems weakened by the fatigue and long-watching. And from this fact again we may learn a lesson.

What are the things which, taken together, tend to keep an individual up to par, up to her or his best, in body and mind? This question is easily answered. They are chiefly these: early rising, the bath, exercise, pure air, and good water, temperance in eating and drinking, work to keep mind and body employed, a contented mind and sound sleep, which latter is the invariable reward of a day well spent.

Fortify your bodies, then, strengthen your systems by regularity of living, and your guardon will be this—strength and beauty, that true beauty which is born of health and is independent of the allurements of a well-furnished toilet table.

Extremes of heat or cold are very likely to produce illnesses of many kinds, and both should be guarded against to the best of one's ability. Heat causes languor, depression, and faintness, feelings with which we were all pretty well acquainted during some days of the summer that has fled. Exposure to the sun's rays is not only dangerous, but at times fatal. It is far better, however, if shade can be obtained, to be out of doors than in on a sultry day, because while heat depresses one, the fresh air counteracts its evil effects and keeps the body in tone.

Exposure to cold and damp or wet is even more dangerous, for this reason, the surface of the body gets chilled, and the blood leaves it, and is driven in upon the internal and vital organs, interfering with the performance of their duties, and sometimes causing inflammation itself.

Let us take the familiar instance of a common cold; the lungs are lined throughout the immense extent of their surface with exactly the same kind of moist skin or membrane that covers the inside of the lips and cheeks. When, on account of exposure to cold the blood is driven in upon this surface, it becomes reddened and irritable, and more moisture is exuded than is needed; it is the accumulation of this moisture which makes one cough. Wet or damp feet are injurious as far as they cause the blood to be chilled, for all the blood in the body passes through the feet once in about three minutes or less; if then the feet are damp or wet or cold, does it not seem just like running your blood through a refrigerator.

Cold applied to the whole body at one time is not so dangerous as sitting in a draught and chilling one portion of it, for in the former case there is a general and uniform lowering of the system, which will be followed by a reaction; in the latter the balance of healthy circulation is lost.

Want of exercise is a fruitful source of ill-health. Without it the wheels of life seem to clog, no organ does its duty properly, and if the seeds of disease are sown or breathed into a body weakened for want of exercise, it will find plenty to feed upon.

The want of good refreshing sleep tells wofully upon the constitutions of both young and old, for it is during sleep that the nerves get recrtited and that new life and energy is instilled into blood and brain and sinew.

Too much hard work and over-study are both sure to weaken the body and prepare it for the reception of any infection or passing ailment. Anxiety and anger, and grief, and violent emotions of all kinds cause the body to lose tone.

As to intemperance in eating, it keeps the body in a constant fever, banishes dreamless sleep, blanches the cheeks, impoverishes the blood, destroys beauty, and ages one before her time. I speak strongly on this subject, because I feel convinced that over-eating is the cause of tens of thousands of the illnesses from which we suffer.—*Girl's Own Magazine.*

WHO IS IN FAULT.

Your two year old baby has a bad temper, you say. Will you think me very cruel, if I say that I think the difficulty is too much sewing-machine and too little fresh air? You sit down in your nursery with the baby playing about on the floor, and take care of him and sew all day, going out but seldom—isn't that so? I can hear you answer already —"Yes; but how can I help it? I can't leave him much with the girl; the kitchen floor isn't a fit place for him, and she's too busy to take proper care of him. If I go out I must take him, and to stop and dress him and myself uses up so much time out of the very best part of the day, that I don't seem to accomplish anything with my sewing. Besides, I am making him some of the sweetest little dresses, with such cunning little tucks, that I can't bear to leave them."

And so you sew on, impatient at every interruption. Your very interest in your work making you "hurry to see how it is going to look," the atmosphere of the nursery growing more and more charged with mental electricity and bad air, till finally the little fellow makes some request more unreasonable than any previous one, but which, if you were in your best estate, you would refuse so pleasantly or substitute something equally good so readily that he would be quite satisfied. Instead, you are provoked that he should ask anything more when you are half-killing yourself (as you think) for him now, and you give him an angry denial. Then comes a storm of angry crying; your irritated nerves respond with an equally angry (shall I say it? Oh! poor human nature, it's true!) shake or even slap. He answers back saucily, or refuses to obey you, perhaps even strikes at you with his puny little hand, and then you must punish him. But in what state of mind or body is either of you for that most difficult and delicate task—a just and fair punishment. The affair degenerates into an angry quarrel between a strong person and a very weak one. Well for you if, before the thing is over, the little fellow doesn't say between his sobs, as I heard a child say once, "Mamma, I didn't mean to be naughty; but you beginned it, mamma!"

With what a sinking heart and reproachful conscience you look back after your passion has cooled off, and very likely, unless you are a good deal wiser than most of us, feeling your injustice, you undo what little good your discipline may have done, by injudicious indulgence afterward. And—what has become of your sewing? Now, suppose you philosophically say, I might as well take care of this child out-of-doors as in the house; and so you and he go out for a walk, leaving your nursery windows open meanwhile. How changed everything is when you return! How much better he behaves! you say; and I doubt not if he could speak, he would say the same thing of you. "But the dress isn't finished that day." No, but "as the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment," so are red cheeks better than white dresses, and a happy heart than a ruffle.

Then on long hot summer afternoons there is a deal of moral suasion in a good bath, and fresh clothing, even if he has had his regular "wash" in the morning. I have seen three or four children behaving like a troop of snarling little savages, transformed by a course of cold water, hair brushes and a few clean clothes, into a company of pleasant, well-behaved, civilized little Christians. If children's clothes are uncomfortable, either too tight or too loose, they will sometimes be cross from that alone. Think of the miseries children endure from tight skirt-bindings, loose under-waists that drag down on their shoulders, stockings that won't stay up, and hats that continually slip off!—*Mary Blake, in Scribner's Monthly.*

A HINT TO GIRLS.

A wood-engraver, being asked why he did not employ women, replied, "I have employed women very often, and I wish I could feel more encouraged. But the truth is that when a young man comes to me and begins his work, he feels that it is his life's business. He is to cut his fortune out of the little blocks before him. Wife, family, home, happiness, are all to be carved out by his own hand, and he settles steadily and earnestly to his labor, determined to master it, and with every incitement spurring him on. He cannot marry until he knows his trade. It is exactly the other way with the girl. She may be as poor as the boy, and as wholly dependent upon herself for a living, but she feels that she will probably marry by and by, and then she must give up wood engraving. So she goes on listlessly; she has no ambition to excel; she does not feel that all her happiness depends on it. She will marry and then her husband's wages will support her. She may not say so, but she thinks so, and it spoils her work."—*Standard.*

SUITABLE DRESSING.—The real good taste of dress is simply always to be clean, always to be attired fit for the occupation of the hour, and never to be overdressed. To be sweeping a room, teaching a class, tending a household, serving a meal, or going to market in a training skirt, or puffed out with huge paniers or bedizened with jewellery, is as inconsistent as it would be to attend a ball or a Court drawing-room in a morning wrapper. Common sense requires for work a working dress. Those who live only a fashionable life need to have suitable attire. Those always at work need only working clothes, save for holidays. In the matter of holiday clothing, too, good sense and good taste dictate that the contrast should not be too violent with that of the daily appearance. Those most extravagantly attired on holiday occasions are often slovenly on working days. The attempt to assume a dress beyond her station displays a want of self-respect on the part of the wearer, a sense of shame at her own position.—*Girl's Own Paper.*

IT MAY BE NOTICED that the waist of a child is large in proportion to the other measurements of its body, as compared with the waist of the adult man or woman. The reason for this is to give the organs of digestion and assimilation room to play, and to dispose of the quantity of food taken by the child, which is out of all proportion to its size and age. That is, the child grows physically by taking and disposing of a large quantity of food. It may be noticed, too, that the head of a child is large in proportion to the rest of its body. The reason for this is that the child may receive and utilize, in its growing period, a considerable quantity of mental pabulum. The head of a child is large for a reason similar to that for which the abdomen of a child is large. To maintain that the proper way to educate a child is by drawing out what there is in his mind, is as true to the facts of the case, and as much in accordance with the methods of nature, as to essay to make a child good and strong by trying to pump out what you have not put into his stomach.

SOFT WATER.—The great advantage of soft water over hard in cooking is well known; besides giving better results in cooking it is much more economical. In making soups, tea and coffee, more meat, more tea, more coffee are required to give an equal strength with hard than with soft water. Soft water makes much better bread. Hard water shrivels peas and beans in the boiling.

AN EMINENT Physician in England, Dr. Ferguson, has found that children who used habitually tea and coffee as a part of their dietary grow on an average only four pounds per year, between the ages of 13 and 16 years, while those who had milk night and morning instead of tea grow 15 pounds each year.

OATMEAL WATER GEMS.—Set a pint of oatmeal to steep over night in a cup of water, in the morning add one teaspoonful of white sugar, a pinch of salt and one cup of flour with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Grease gem pans and put one and one-half tablespoonfuls in each, and bake fifteen minutes in a moderately hot oven.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

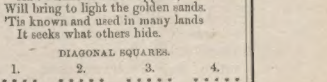
Although in sable plumes my first
Displays himself on high,
His reputation is the worst,
His tastes are low, his race is curst—
We're glad to see him die.

My next is in the water found,
Or in the cozy inn,
Where talk and drink go freely round,
Or in the court maintains its ground,
Or keeps the thief from sin.

My whole is placed in humble hands,
And when with skill applied,
Will bring to light the golden sands.
'Tis known and used in many lands
It seeks what others hide.

DIAGONAL SQUARES.

1. 2. 3. 4.



In these squares you may read all the lines both ways, forward, backward, down, up and diagonally. The word in No. 1 is a settled opinion. No. 2 is a note in music. No. 3 presents a smooth surface. No. 4 is a large trading vessel.

TRANSPOSITION.

My first was used to hitch or tie,
In place of modern hook and eye;
My next to counsel or to guide;
My third to trick, deceive, to hide;
My fourth in Turkey is a coin;
My fifth is son to neighbor Boyne.

A HALF SQUARE.

1. Belonging to the stars. 2. A small shoot. 3. A heavy, igneous rock. 4. A quick, smart blow. 5. Yes. 6. A letter.

CHARADE.

My first is a boy's nickname; my second is something we all prize; my third is a near relative; my whole is a great inventor.

CURTAIL AND BEHEAD.

Curtail a poison and leave a curse.
Horse gear and leave a mean dog.
A Bible farmer and leave a lady's fur.
A kind of earth and leave to injure.
A planet and leave wet land.
Morning and leave a bird.
A country in New Hampshire and leave the note of a bird.
An unlawful desire and leave a small creek.
Behead a city of Holland and leave a disease.
A journey and leave denoting ownership.
Sparkle and leave to attend.
An animal of the chase and leave to touch.
To swallow fluid and leave an enclosure.
A small bird and leave a small length.
A thicket and leave particles adhering together.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF MARCH 15.

Riddle.—Stone—tone—one.

Hidden Authors.—1, Cowley. 2, Willis. 3, Dryden.

Reversible Word Square.—
STEW
TIDE
EDIT
WETS

Diamond.—
P
RIP
RAVEN
PIVOTAL
PETTY
NAY
L

Curtailments.—Charm, char.
Shame, sham.
Scarf, scar.

Word Square.—
PETARD
ELINOR
TINGLE
ANGOLA
ROLLER
DREARY

Metapiasm.—Lear, pear, dear, bear, scar, mear, fear, hear, wear, gear, near, tear, year, rear.

JOE UNDERWOOD;

OR, WORTH MORE THAN THE SPARROWS.

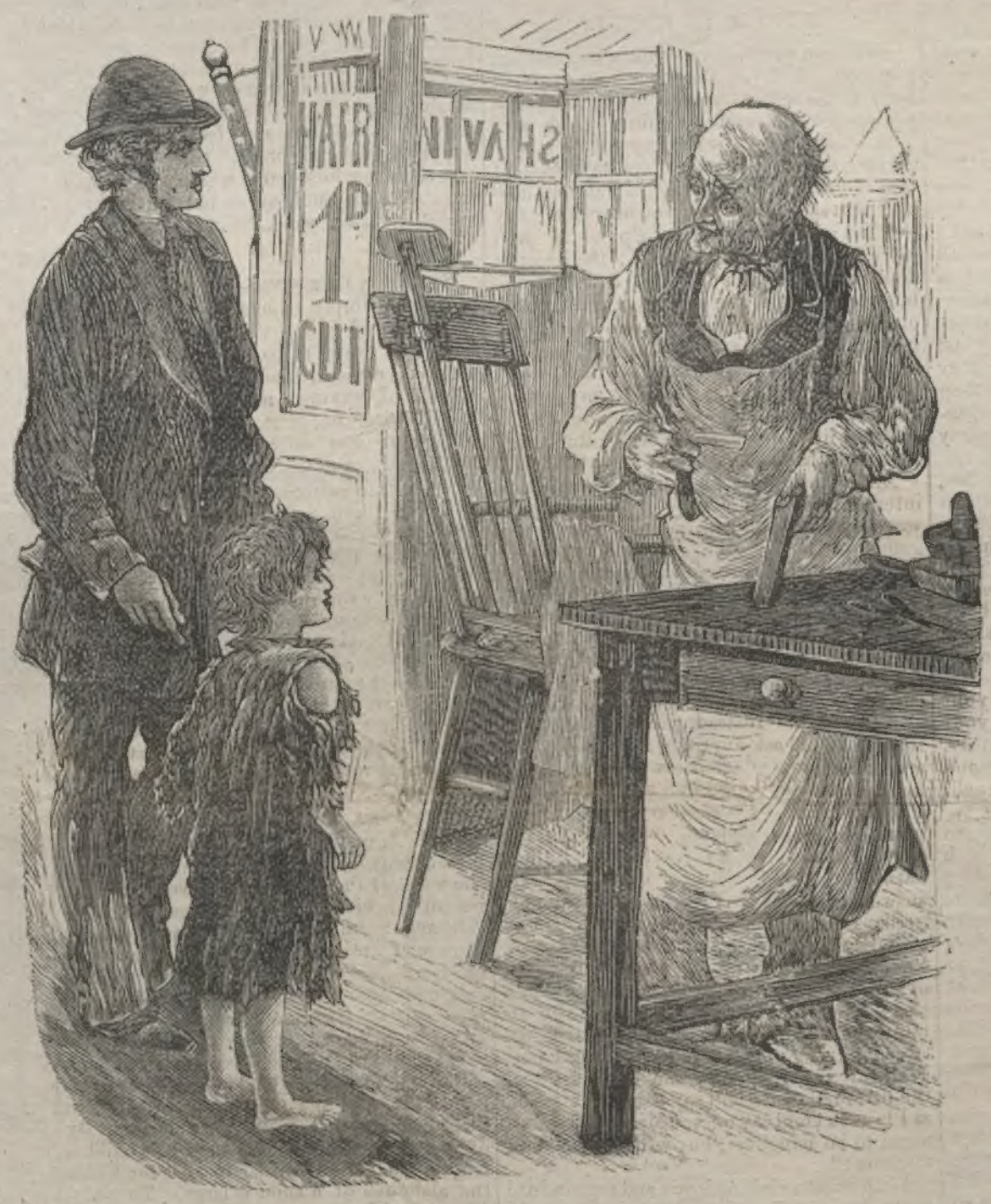
(By Grace Stebbing.)

CHAPTER I.

Joe Underwood was as good-hearted and handsome a young fellow as one would wish to see; but two years of London life had harmed him, as it does many a country lad who comes up to get high wages and see something of the world. Mrs. Underwood had wept and wrung her hands when her boy told her he was too good a workman to stay longer at the quiet little country shop, and was about to seek his fortune in London. At the time of which our story commences, her fears seemed more likely to be realized than her prayers for his guidance to be answered. He had, however, obtained abundant well-paid employment at a first-rate cabinet maker's and a tidy attic in a respectable house, the landlady of which began by praising him as a model lodger to her "drawing-room," as she styled the quiet mother and daughter who rented those apartments. But time passed. The landlady grew more sparing of her praises, while Mary's face only responded with a weary look of disappointment, even when they were spoken. Joe Underwood had become intimate with his fellow workmen, and they had not been long in prevailing on his fear of ridicule and easy good nature to yield up his conscience to their keeping. They were a thoughtless, wild set, very fond of the senseless motto, "A short life and a merry one;" and as the months passed, Joe grew as reckless as they could wish. His face was fast losing its fearless look of honest independence when the second Christmas since his departure from his country home drew near.

It was the 23rd December, and Joe's contenance showed both sullenness and vexation as he sat in his attic between six and seven in the evening. He had sent his mother a letter that afternoon to say that he could not spend Christmas with her, as she had expected. He did not tell her, also, that her disappointment was caused by his having flung away the fifteen shillings his return ticket would have cost in "standing treat," the previous night, to a dozen or so of half-tipsy men. Then again, as he had mounted to his attic, with a half penitent determination not to leave it again that night, he had met Mary Williams, and she had hastened into her own room without giving him even a glance. He little knew, as he sat scowling and fuming, that Mary had seen him the night before when he staggered in with eyes too bleared to know her. She had avoided him of late as one wholly unworthy of her interest; but her mother being taken suddenly ill at night, Mary with some effort and trepidation determined she would ask "That Mr. Underwood" to fetch some medicine for her when he returned home. It was past twelve when she heard him come in, and she ran down stairs just in time to see him stumble toward the stairs with his lighted candle held as if he were bent on setting fire to himself. An irrepressible exclamation that burst from her only roused him to sufficient consciousness to attempt a verse of some hideous song, and clasping her hands tightly over her ears, Mary had fled back to her mother, whose pain, happily, soon subsided; but Mary's memory of the sad sight she had seen remained, and seemed to have killed all her growing love with abhorrence. Meanwhile Joe worked himself up into an unreasoning state of anger against the world in general, and her in particular, and ending with the absurd exclamation that, "If other folks didn't care if he went to the dogs, he didn't see why he should care himself," he put on his hat again and went out as usual to join some of his miscalled friends.

It was a dark cold night, and Joe Underwood's natural kindliness of heart was not yet too deadened for him to feel pity for some of the scantily clad, shivering women and children he passed on his road. Happily for him, it was destined to be called yet more fully into play. Just as he was about to push open the door of the public-house he generally frequented, his foot pushed against something, and a quivering child's voice said, "Take us in, and give us a drop of sumfin. Yer ought, for you've hurt my toes cruel."



"I WANT THIS LAD'S HEAD SHAVED."

Joe looked down, and saw a flaxen-haired, grimy mite of a boy crouched up in a corner of the doorway, and with a pair of big blue eyes, full of eager hope that his request might be granted, raised to his. History tells us that the Saxons' beauty led to their rescue from slavery of mind and body, and it is certain that little Tom Thornton's fair face stood him in good stead now. Joe shuddered as the request was repeated, with the addition, "A drink of gin, or anyfin hot. The contrast was painfully horrible between the beautiful child face and the unchildlike craving. With a sudden impulse toward the almost forgotten "right way," young Underwood stooped, and taking the boy by the shoulders raised him to his feet, whispering, "Come along with me, and I'll give you a bun; that's better than drink." The child looked half irresolute. "Buns is good, I know, cos I had one once, and I ain't had noffin to eat since yesterday; but then I'm that cold! and gin warms you up, you know, above a bit," he said, after a pause, with a knowing look that was terrible to see, and made Joe answer bitterly, "Ay, and kills you too, body and soul. But come. A good meal will warm you, and you shall see if a bright fire and a bit of meat aren't better than gin."

"Well, you don't look a bad sort, so I'll come and see if you mean true," said the boy, after giving him a keen scrutiny. And the two sudden acquaintances walked off together, Joe getting away from the public-house as quickly as possible, for the sake both of himself and his companion. It was not quite an easy matter to give little Tom the promised meal. At the nearest chop-house Joe feared to find some of his associates, and the next they came to was too fine in its appearance to be likely to look with favor on a ragged, dirty customer. At length, however, Underwood had the satisfaction of watching his small guest as he almost visibly thawed in a warm room, and demolished a savory plateful of a-la-mode beef with wonderful rapidity. And as he watched, thoughts crowded into the young man's mind of his own well-cared-for childhood, and the way in which he had of late disgraced it. Conversation just then would have been superfluous. But when the food had nearly disappeared, Joe put aside his private meditations, and said earnestly, "You'll not loiter about any more to-night, but go home, like a good little chap, when you've finished your supper, won't you?"

"Can't," said the child, as he swallowed the last mouthful, and threw himself back in his chair with a sigh of content. "Ain't got none to go to. Haven't had no home since father was drowned, and mother and the new baby died, just after all the leaves had gone off the trees in the park."

"Then where are you going,

when I take you away from here?" asked Joe anxiously. "Into a doorway," was the prompt answer, made bravely enough at first. But two tears gathered in the blue eyes as he added, in a lower tone, "It'll feel colder and dismaller nor ever to-night, after this comferable place."

"How old are you?" questioned Joe once more.

"Seven before father was drowned," was the reply.

"And you've no home but the streets, no bed but a stone doorstep, and no comfort but gin," muttered Joe. "There would be some excuse for you if you went to the bad."

"But I don't mean," said the boy eagerly. "Mother told me not, and I ain't never stole nuffin, not even when I could easy."

"Poor little chap, you've acted up to your lights as far as you knew," said Joe, thinking with shame of his own far different conduct, and they both fell into silence. At length the coffee-room began to fill, and their places were wanted, so the two companions once more passed out into the cold and comparative darkness of the foggy winter streets. They walked on some little way together. With all his faults, Joe Underwood had a sensitive compassion for everything weak and helpless that was almost womanly. He delayed as long as possible saying good-bye to the desolate child, whose little thin hand he had unconsciously taken in his own as they left the chop-house. But "what must be, must be," and it was no good putting off the painful moment, he at last decided. Taking three-pence from his pocket he said, "Here, my boy, you need not be out in the cold to-night; this will pay for a bed for you, and we must part now; good-bye." Drawing his hand away quickly, and without giving the fair, wistful face another look, he almost ran across the road, and round the first turning he came to. Then he went more slowly—then, very slowly—and then, he stopped altogether, and said, "Poor little chap! I wonder what would have become of me if I had been left all alone in the world at his age! I might have given him another twopence for some breakfast to-morrow. Yes, I wish I had. Well, it won't do any harm; I'll just go back, and see if I can find him." He retraced his steps as quickly as he had come, and was going on past the spot where he had said good-bye so reluctantly, when a struggling moonbeam partially lit up a dark archway close at hand, and within the cheerless shelter, crouched up against the wall, was the small figure he was seeking. He got close to it without being observed, for the child's face was hidden in his hands, and his whole frame shook with sobs. "Why don't you go and find a bed for the night, instead of sitting here?" he asked, after looking at him for a few moments. The sobs ceased instantly, and the little fellow started, as he began imploringly, "Please, sir, let me stay." Then recognizing Underwood he interrupted himself, and said in a tone of relief, "Oh dear, I was 'fraid it was a p'liceman." What were you crying about," said Joe. The tears began to flow again. "It was like having father and mother back to me with you," was the low, sobbing answer. "And oh, I want them, I want somebody," he moaned piteously. "Won't I never have nobody to be good to me any more, I wonder?" he added to himself rather than to the listener, who, for lack of anything better to say at the moment, repeated his former question in a somewhat husky voice. "Why don't you look for a better place to sleep in?"

"I'm better here," said the child quietly. "They pinches me, and kicks me, and, times nigh smothers me, in those sleeping places."

Again Joe was silent. He turned away once, and walked off a few steps hastily. Then he came back, and at last he whispered, as though he almost feared some of his comrades of the public-house would hear him, "Would you like to come home with me, just for to-night?" The boy's great blue eyes widened with doubtful hope as he asked, in almost as low a tone, "Do you mean it?" "Come then," said Joe, once more lifting him up by the shoulders, and walking off with the small hand clasped tightly in his broad brown palm. As they proceeded on their way to the lodging, they passed through a street brilliantly lighted by several butchers', greengrocers' and clothiers' shops, and two or three people bestowed glances on the good-looking young man and his ragged conpanion. "I'd at least keep my brother a little cleaner, if I didn't give him clothes decent to wear," said one woman indignantly as she went by.

"You certainly are horribly grubby," said young Underwood ruefully. His mother's mother had been a Dutchwoman, and he had inherited the keenest antipathy to dirt. "And has your hair been brushed for the past month?"

"Not since mother died," came the trembling answer. Would he have to sleep on the doorstep, after all? This doubt even occurred to Underwood himself for a moment. Happily for both of them a modest notice, "Hair cut for a penny," pasted in a small shop window, met his eyes, and without waiting to think twice he entered, and astonished the decrepit old barber by saying, "I want this lad's head shaved." Whatever the old hair-cutter thought, however, he said only, "I *cuts* for a penny, but I shaves for threepence, leastways, heads." "Well, never mind, a penny or threepence, its all the same to me, only be quick," said his customer rather testily, as the old man hobbled about muttering, "All the same, hey; all the same to you, is it, then taint all the same to me; a penny's a penny to me, and threepence is threepence. P'raps sixpence 'ud ha' been all the same to you Wish I'd tried." Meanwhile his hands worked as well as his tongue, and in another minute all the tangled, matted mass of flaxen curls lay on the floor, and little Tom Thornton's head was as smooth and hairless as a baby's.

"There! now for a warm bath, and you"ll be as right as a trivet," cried Joe Underwood, no whit inclined to join in the chuckles of the old barber, who seemed to find great fun in contemplating the effects of his handiwork. He put down the threepence, and taking Tom by the hand prepared to leave the shop. "He'd better put on his cap, or you'll have all the neighborhood after him, I'm thinking," said the barber, with another chuckle. "Haven't got no cap," said Tom quietly, as though it was a matter of no importance. But Joe's thankfulness for the improved cleanliness of his protege calming down a little, he too became sensible that there was something rather queer in his appearance. He stood perplexed for a moment, beginning to fear things were not quite as smooth as he had hoped; but little Tom himself removed his difficulty. Slipping off his ragged jacket he threw it over his head, saying, "Will I do so? I often wears it in this way when it rains." And in that guise he was borne off to the nearest baths, where he was left with instructions to scrub himself vigorously, while Joe went in search of fresh garments for him. As has been before intimated, wasteful dissipation had reduced Joe's resources to a very low ebb, and it was not much of an outfit he could provide. However, with the aid of a friendly shopwoman, to whom he explained that he wanted something very cheap for a child of seven who had got no clothes, he returned to the baths with a coarse brown holland blouse, and a pair of coarse cotton drawers, which, with his own warm waistcoat put on by way of shirt, dressed the child very fairly well. "And I'll bind up your head with my handkerchief," said Joe. People will only think you've had a crack on it," he added, as he knotted the imitation bandage, and they once more set out on their way to his lodging, which they soon reached without any further delay on the road. As Joe felt very uncertain of the reception his landlady would accord his unknown visitor, he reconnoitred hall and stairs when he had opened the door with his latch key before taking him in. Then, as the landlady's voice, in conversation with her small servant, ascended from the kitchen, he took Tom in his arms, and hastened up with him to his room, not setting him down until he was within, and the door closed. "There, young man," he exclaimed. "Now you are safe for to-night, at any rate, and you had better take off your blouse, and jump into bed at once, and get a good rest when you've the chance."

(To be continued.)

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

FROM THE DANISH.

"Yes, yes, my good friend," said a hen to a duck, just waddling off toward a neighboring pond, while the fowl proudly strutted alongside, "it is easy to see you have not learnt deportment from a dancing-master."

The duck answered not a single "quack," but swam calmly out into the middle, while the hen stood upon the brink and looked after it.

Suddenly a shot was fired! The hen jumped into the air with fright, and not taking sufficient care, fell back fluttering into the water. It spread out its legs, stretched out its neck, and beat the water with its wings, which soon got saturated and would no longer keep it up, and it lay floundering in a most deplorable condition.

"Yes, yes, my good friend," chuckled the duck, while it swam round and round the clumsy swimmer, "I can see plainly that you have not brought the art of swimming to any great perfection."

IN THE SUMMER KITCHEN of the house of Mr. Reuben Rauch, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, there is a stove, which is used in winter only for the purpose of baking. As baking is done in Mr. Rauch's family not more than twice a week, the stove is generally without a fire. One cold day last month the cook started to make a fire in the stove, when she was startled by a strange, fluttering noise, which seemed to come from the very inside of the stove. She put wood in, however, and struck a light. Then the fluttering increased, and, running her hand in, she was surprised to find in the stove a large owl. The owl had sought shelter from the extreme weather in the pipe, and had slipped down Once in, he could not get out, and but for his fluttering he would have been roasted to death. As it was, his feathers were singed, and altogether he was a badly-frightened bird. Mr. Rauch is keeping the owl until warm weather, when he will be permitted to fly away to the woods

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"If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully—freely."

The Family Circle.

RELIGION AND DOCTRINE.

He stood before the Sanhedrim ;
The scowling rabbis gazed at him ;
He recked not of their praise or blame ;
There was no fear, there was no shame,
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise ;
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear,
To let him waste his new-gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou ?
What hast thou been ? What art thou now ?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way ;
For he was blind.

—And I am he,
For I was blind, but now I see.

He told the story o'er and o'er ;
It was his full heart's only lore ;
A prophet on the Sabbath-day
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock
The hundred fathomed-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide ;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride,
Their sneers at Jesus and his band,
Nameless and homeless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint ; but as for me,
One thing I know, that I am he
That once was blind, but now I see.

They were all doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town,
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad and wise
Beneath their wide phylacteries ;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honor crowned their silver hairs.
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born ;
But we know better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath-day ;
And what the Christ had done for him
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.
—*From Harper's Magazine.*

THE TWO OLD LADIES.

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANFORD.

It was bright and clear and cold. The sleigh-bells chimed merrily ; the snow crumpled under the foot, and all the air was crisp. There was a hint of icicles on men's beards ; but young faces looked fresh and happy.

Wrapping myself up like an Esquimaux, I started for a walk and bethought me of two ladies. Each had passed her fourscore, and both had pleasant homes, and kind children.

Madame A. sat near the window of her bright, sunny, cheerful room, in a simple snowy cap and clean cashmere wrapper. She welcomed me with a kiss and a smile, with that touch of heaven in it seen only on the face of early childhood or serene old age.

"Isn't this a perfect day ?"

"It is, indeed ; I wish you could go out."

"I ride quite often, and I enjoy sitting here and watching others. How rosy the young girls look ! and most of them give me a bright smile as they pass. Such smiles make my whole morning cheery. My daughter gets her children off to school, and then has home duties, so I am quite alone mornings and have time to enjoy other people's enjoyment as I sit and look out."

"Can you not read at all ?"

"Only my Bibles. See what large type. How very nice for old eyes !"

"They are, indeed."

"They are a great comfort to me. All my life has been crowded with blessings. I often wonder why God has been so good to me. Every 'cloud has had a silver lining.' My father died when I was a mere child, but my mother—the sweetest, noblest of women—loved me as only a widowed mother can love, and all my memory of those early days is holy to me, they were so happy and she so pure ;" and her face had a rapt look for a moment. "She was spared until I had a husband to love and lean upon, and then she went to the husband of her life-long love. How good God was not to take her when I would have been all alone ! And, then, her passing away was so beautiful : she went to sleep here and woke there—no suffering, no agonizing farewells.

"I never pray to be delivered from sudden death. I leave it with Him who doeth all things well. He gave me a kind true husband ; but we loved this pleasant world ; we basked in its sunshine and forgot there is a better, until God took our beautiful, bright boy, to make us look up, and see that God wills that our happiness shall not be for a few short years of time, but for endless ages. If he must, in his great love, he takes the less to give the greater. And thereafter my husband became an earnest, working Christian, and when he went to his reward and met his holy, happy boy, whose lips and heart had never known a stain or sorrow of earth, how he must have praised Him who gave his Son and took ours, that we might have eternal life and joy and peace.

"I shall see them soon—soon—so glorious in holiness and beauty that I shall not know them, but they will know me, and come to welcome me. I do not know why I wait, but God does, and that is enough."

"I do ! It is to teach us the beauty, the richness and sweetness of resignation. Your daughter said, a few days ago, God had spared you to show her how to make her home sunny and your son's life bright."

"My daughter is very kind to me, as kind as if she were mine by birth ; she sits with me all she can, and the children play in here a great deal when out of school."

"She told me grandma's room is the pleasantest spot in the world to them. You enter into all their joys and sorrows and sports, and Sunday is their delight, for you tell them Bible stories, and their knowledge quite shames her sometimes ; that Willie wishes there were two Sundays a week."

"I think children ought to be helped to love Sunday, and can be. Anna did not come from a Christian home, but is a lovely Christian now."

"She told me that your beautiful Christian spirit had won her to Christ, from whom it is caught."

"Isn't my Father good to help me make my dear ones happier, while I sit with folded arms waiting—waiting"—and great thankful tears rolled down the furrows of her dear old cheeks.

"Working—working, my dear madam. I am stronger for this hour. It is good to be here."

"I am glad—glad to serve while I wait. Come often."

"Indeed, I will."

Thence I went to see Madame B. Her dress and cap and bow were very nice, but had done full company duty, and, bearing many a record of service, they were now devoted to the morning wear. The room was clean, but lacked brightness ; she was sitting, feet on the register and back to the window.

"I am glad to see you, I am always so lonesome."

"It is a lovely morning."

"It is all the same to me. I stay right here all day long. I can't walk on the snow ; I can't read all day long ; if I ride I get chilled through and through ; and so I sit here hour after hour and day after day. If Jane comes in, in comes Jennie hanging on to her skirts, so I have no chance to say or do anything. And Sunday afternoons I have to lock my door to keep those two boys out. I have brought up one family, and that's enough for one woman to do."

"You are looking very well this winter."

"Then my looks belie me. I have a good appetite and don't suffer any pain, and sleep well ; but my joints are stiff and my head is heavy and dull."

"But you're wonderfully well for fourscore."

"But it is not very pleasant to be fourscore."

"It is the threshold of the beautiful Beyond."

"Well, the grave and the worm don't look very cheerful to me."

"But heaven"——

"Well, yes, I suppose heaven is, but who did you ever see that had come from there ?"

"I do not suppose any one would wish to come back."

"There ought to be some good hereafter to pay for all the trials we have here. I am sure I have had my share of them. My father was a man of a great mind, and it was dreadful to see him become imbecile, and mother was such an active woman, and she grew perfectly helpless : but my husband bore it nobly."

"You were greatly blessed in him."

"Yes, I was ; but he was taken away when I needed him most. What a comfort he would be to me now ! He was seventy-six and his mind not broken at all."

"But his children and you are spared seeing him lose his brain power."

"But it is dreadful to see a man smitten down in full intellect, he might be so useful and happy."

"You have an elegant home."

"Yes, but those boys tear round and knock and break and destroy. I told Jane there is a bottom to every purse, but her husband wants to 'enjoy his money,' and so he lets the boys rampage through the place."

"You must enjoy the grounds in summer, when you can walk out."

"But it is so hot and dusty, and flies and mosquitoes and bugs—and I am never well in summer."

"You are greatly blessed in your children."

"Charles is making name and money, but what comfort have I ever had with him ? He went off to a preparatory school at fourteen, and then to college, then law-school, and then to a city partnership. I see him some two or three weeks in a year ! I might as well not have a son, and Jane has her husband and her children, and they have taken her heart from me. I can see that." I rose. She said : "Don't get up to go yet. I am so lonesome. You must ? Well, come again ; if I am here I'll be glad to see you, and if I am not, you won't miss me. I don't think any one else would much."

"Our life is as we make it ; this world is as we take it ; oh, let me not forget it."—*N. Y. Observer.*

GOLD FISH AND AQUARIUMS.

Glass fish globes can be obtained for from one to two dollars, and nice little aquariums from two to four dollars. Use rain water,

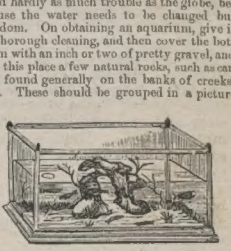
FISH GLOBES.

if pure, or well water, and change it only as it becomes discolored. Throw in a little fresh every day or so as it evaporates. Feed fish wafer, as it is called, and sold at the stores, at

FISH GLOBE.

twenty-five cents per package, or cracker crumbs, and a little fresh meat occasionally. Give all the fish will eat, but nothing to remain, as it will foul the water. In a globe of ordinary size there is no room for plants, but a piece of Lycopodium thrown in the water looks pretty, and the fish seem to like it. Put an inch of gravel at the bottom of the globe. The globe can be suspended or placed upon a stand.

An aquarium, about twelve inches by twenty-four, with four or five good-sized fish and a plant or two, is very satisfactory, and hardly as much trouble as the globe, because the water needs to be changed but seldom. On obtaining an aquarium, give it a thorough cleaning, and then cover the bottom with an inch or two of pretty gravel, and on this place a few natural rocks, such as can be found generally on the banks of creeks, &c. These should be grouped in a picturesque way, representing grottoes, &c., and if it is possible to make openings through which the fish can pass, the effect is very pleasing. The way of doing this we have tried to show in the engraving. The rocks being grouped to advantage and made firm, the next step is the introduction of plants. Many little things can be gathered from the ponds that will look well, and a Calla is always in place.



AQUARIUM.

SIPHON AND DIPPING TUBE.

In emptying an aquarium, in general, it will only be necessary to take out as much water as can be dipped out without disturbing the fish, but the water can be conveniently removed with a siphon. The siphon for this purpose is simply a small rubber pipe that will reach from the bottom of the aquarium to a pail on the floor. Fill the pipe with water, then place a finger on each end of the pipe, to prevent the water coming out. Put one end in the water of the aquarium and the other in the empty pail on the floor, as shown in the engraving, and the water will run until the tank is empty, always supposing that the end of the pipe in the pail is lower than the end in the aquarium.

It is always bad to have unconsumed food lying in an aquarium, and it should be removed. Sometimes there happens to be a little accumulation of sediment in a particular spot, which it is well to take out. Any thing of this kind can be picked up by the dipping tube. It is simply a metal or glass tube, and is used in this way : Place the finger on the upper end and then dip the tube in the water, over the object to be taken up. Remove the finger for a moment, and the water will rush up the tube, sucking with it the object sought. Place the finger again on the upper end of the tube, and it can be taken out and emptied. Keep globes and aquariums in as cool a location in the house as possible. A very warm room is the worst possible place for fish or plants. Do not crowd an aquarium with plants or rocks, or fill it too full of water.—*Vick's Magazine.*

MAX.

Rich, alluvial soil covered the little green valley on the banks of Clear river. Gottlieb Lechler, a German emigrant, chanced to come upon it as he was traversing a lonely part of Ohio, in search of work or a bit of land which might be bought with the few pieces of foreign gold coin that he carried in a small leather bag in his bosom.

Gottlieb knew a little English. He sought

out the owner of the large tract where this little valley lay. The man was glad enough to sell a part of it, and soon the young and sturdy emigrant was the owner of the emerald-tufted meadow, and the overshadowing belt of woodland.

The very day the conveyance was made and the purchase money paid, Gottlieb started a letter across the sea, with instructions for his young wife to come to his Ohio home.

It was a long while that he had to wait for her, but the time was occupied by getting a part of the land under cultivation, and building a comfortable log-house in which to receive the little frau when she should arrive.

In two years from the time hey were married, in the gray old church on the banks of the far-away Moselle, they were working away as happy as a pair of young blackbirds on their Ohio clearing.

When Maurice, their first baby, was a bright little child of ten months, a party of men with chains and surveying instruments and little red flags, came through the woods near Gottlieb's dwelling, laying out the line for a new railway.

By the time the twins, Frances and Fredcrica, were old enough to clap their hands at the unusual bustle, there was a great steam-shovel clattering away in the hillside back of the house, and a pile driver pounding down long pointed logs for the foundation of the piers of a bridge, which was to span Clear river.

And long before the black-haired Joseph was old enough to creep about the green turf in front of the house, the railway trains were running regularly every few hours, pleasantly relieving the monotonous life of the Lechlers, old and young. The passenger trains were real panoramas, with real, living people from the great towns over the hills and plains, which the delighted children had never seen.

It was not long before the train hands began to take an interest in this isolated little log house, with its bright flowers in the door-yard and garden, where four clean, fresh, handsome children seldom failed to salute them with swinging hats, handkerchiefs and hands as they passed.

In that lonely region, the train was almost the only thing that gave any variety to the life of the cottagers, and its arrival, although it never stopped, was eagerly awaited.

Sometimes, indeed, the engineer or one of the passengers would throw something out to the children—an apple, a cake, a package of candy, or a newspaper—which was always received with great delight.

And it seemed to afford the train hands almost equal pleasure, as every face was lighted up with smiles as the cars went rattling past.

There was only one thing that gave Frau Gottlieb any anxiety, and that was the fear that the children might be run over; but after a year or two this apprehension almost entirely passed away, as she saw that the children were extremely careful, and the whistle gave warning even before the engine was in sight.

One day the "noon freight," which always went slowly up the grade from the bridge, moved slower than usual. I think the engineer, John Chamberlain, was in the secret.

When the long heavy train was just against the house, Frank Caldwell, the jolly "tail brakeman," swung off a handled half-bushel basket, in which was a fat, round, black and white, six-weeks-old, Newfoundland puppy.

The basket went rolling off down the sandy slope, and the pup, recovering his equilibrium, waddled, full of delight, to the open-mouthed, wondering children, who had never seen a dog before.

The train men all laughed and gesticulated until the great puffing locomotive had drawn them round the curve and out of sight of the surprised little ones.

After that, the puppy, which the children had named "Max," always made one of the pleasant group that greeted the train hands.

Sometimes his shaggy, curly coat was stuck so full of flowers that he looked like an animated bouquet. Sometimes there would be a wreath about his neck. Often the children would make him walk on his hind legs, make bows, roll over, turn somersaults, dance, and go through a variety of antics which Gottlieb, the father, had taken pains to teach him.

After a while the intelligent dog, when he heard a train rounding the curve, or crossing the bridge, would rush out, catch up a stick, and run about the meadow with it, dive off the bluff into the river, and swim to the opposite bank.

Or, standing upright, he would dance and bow like a performing bear, while the engineer, fireman, conductor, train hands, and often the passengers, bowed and laughed in genuine enjoyment of the whole pretty performance.

By the time Max was full grown, a baby called Theresa had been born in the little white cottage, which had taken the place of the log-house, and when the warm sunny days came again, it was this plump, yellow haired midget that was rolling about on the green turf, where all the other children had rollicked in turn.

Little blue-eyed Tissy happened to be a wonderful creeper. She was strong and nimble, and would creep on her small hands and feet quite as fast as the other children could walk.

One day, news came from over the sea—from the little old village on the Moselle—that very soon the Mother Lechler would come to live with their children in their Ohio home.

Full of joy, Gottlieb drove to the nearest station on the railway, and told the agent to look out for his mother when she arrived, and to send a messenger up the track to his house to let him know she was there.

Grandmother was coming! and there was great excitement in the happy household of the honest and hard working German emigrant. The children said—

"Perhaps she will come to-day, and we will go down to the meadow and gather flowers to trim Max, and to trim ourselves and the rooms."

And the smiling, expectant little mother said she should do this and that trivial thing to make the cottage brighter and more cheerful, for the grandmother would be very weary when she came.

"We will leave baby Tissy by the door for mamma to look after while we go to the meadow for daisies," said Maurice.

But the mother was so busy, she did not heed all the little charge her first-born had given her. She heard the merry voices of her children down back of the cottage, and soon, as the whistle of the "3 o'clock" express sounded, she saw the pretty group scamper toward the track.

Instinctively going to the open doorway, she, as well as the children and the engineer, and the fireman, was horrorstruck to see baby Tissy between the long black rails, sitting in the sunshine, scattering handful after handful of white glistening sand in her bright yellow hair.

Although the train had "slowed up," as usual on approaching the bridge, it would be impossible to stop the engine before it reached the child; but the engineer made the effort. The terrified mother could do nothing but lift up her pallid face to Heaven and pray for strength to bear what must inevitably follow.

But just then Max, with his ears thrown back and his plumy tail trailing on the grass, shot like a dart from the other side of the track where he had been rambling. The intelligent creature had seen the danger and comprehended it.

In an instant Max had bounded by the screaming children, cleared the intervening space between them and the track, caught the baby by the belt of her pretty pink calico dress, lifted her from the rough-hewn tie upon which she was sitting, and brought her to her mother's side.

"Und den," said Mrs. Lechler, on telling the story afterward, "dot enchineer he stopped dot enchine, and he coom town dot yard, und he shook mine hant, und he kissed dese children all rount mit der baby, und he pat dot dog, und der dears all der dime roll town him cheeks.

"He not spik one word, but go right back on dot enchine, und blow dot whistle like dunder, und dot train go off like blitzen.

"Und I sit right town on dot grass und dank der goot Gott; und I hug mine children, und dey gry, und I gry. Den, all at once somebody says in Sherman:

"Daughter, why do you gry?

"Und I look up, und dere is our Mutter Lechler, from over der grosswasser, und I dink she be a ghost.

"She say to me, 'How dot man know right where mine Gottlieb live?'

"He say, 'Get off der next dime der drain shtops.'

"Und der drain shtops, und I get off, und dere be mine son's frau und mine crandchildren."—*Youth's Companion.*

TELLING A LIE.

The wicked are not in trouble as other men, David says. Everybody does wrong. Good people are sad when they do it, but wicked people are not. That is the reason why the wicked are not in trouble as other men.

I knew a little girl who had a kind, brave little heart, a heart that was never so happy as when it was doing something which pleased some one else. It was happy if it was pleasing the nurse, or a sister, its mother, or God. It loved all the world, and longed for all the world's love. One day this little girl accompanied nurse on a morning's walk which the mamma had ordered not to be to the village, where was a fever, and where, too, the nurse happened to have some acquaintances on whom she was fond of calling. The nurse disobeyed her instructions and went to the village; the little girl, of course, accompanied her. On their way home the nurse forbade the child to tell where she had been, and instructed her, if she should be asked about their walk, to say that they had been to some other place. They re-entered the house. The question, Where have you been? was asked, and the little girl gave the answer she had been instructed to give. She had not liked to do it; yet, probably, love for the "poor nurse" and fear of getting her into trouble had for a time overcome that reluctance; but now that she had actually told the story she could not bear it, and leaving the place where she had told it, rushed up-stairs into her bedroom and broke into sobs and tears. The little heart was utterly wretched. What could she do? It was such a dreadful thing. How wicked she had been! Would God forgive her? Would mamma forgive her?

In another room of the house was the nurse—let us hope a very uncommon nurse, in this respect, at least—laughing to herself at the nice way "the little miss" had told her tale. She should never be afraid of taking her with her where she went. A good little thing, she was. She should give her a little treat for it when she came to the nursery.

How differently these two persons were affected by this wrong-doing. One was all bitterness and misery; the other was quite elated and happy. The eyes of one were filled with tears, her heart was crushed and broken. The eyes of the other were twinkling with satisfaction, and her heart was full of thankfulness. Let us return to the room where we left the little sorrower.

She does not long question what is to be done. She has done wrong, and she must do right. The bedroom door is opened once more, and with quick feet, and red, swollen eyes, the little sinner sought her mother's room, rushed straight into her mother's arms and before her alarmed mother had time to enquire what all these tears and sobbings meant, said, "Oh, mamma, I told a story; we did not go to——, we went to see nurse's friends. I am very, very sorry;" and then she sank deeper into her mother's lap, and sobbed and cried more bitterly than ever. In a little while she was soothed, and felt that both her mother and her God had forgiven her wrong. Now do you see why wicked people have not the troubles which good ones have? It is not strange nor is it sad that it should be so. Broken hearts and contrite spirits are bright sights to God.

The difference between bad people and good people is not so much in that one does wrong and the other does not, though there is something in that; for all do wrong, good and bad, old and young. The difference is chiefly in this, that good people when they have been tempted to do wrong are sorry for it, genuinely sorry for it; but bad people when they do wrong are not sorry at all. The nurse who told the little girl to tell the falsehood was a sinner, a far greater sinner than the little girl; but while the little girl repented, heartily repented, the nurse did not.

And so it is always. The sign of the old heart, the heart of stone, as the Bible calls it, is that there is no care for sin. The sign of "the new heart and a right spirit" is that there is sorrow for sin.—*Sunday Magazine.*

Question Corner.—No. 7.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

73. What sovereign imprisoned two of his servants and then on his birthday feast reinstated one and hanged the other.
74. Which servant was restored to office?
75. Four kings fought against five others during the time of Abraham; how did the battle affect him?
76. What king blessed Abraham and where is this king mentioned in the New Testament?
77. What king of Israel was taller than any of the people from his shoulders upward?
78. Who was the last judge of Israel?
79. How many kings reigned over all Israel before the revolt of the ten tribes, and who were they?
80. What king of Moab oppressed the children of Israel for eighteen years and who did the Lord raise up to deliver them?
81. What king oppressed Israel for eight years and was finally destroyed by Othniel?
82. What heathen king did Samuel slay?
83. In the presence of what king did David feign madness?
84. What king slew all the young children in and around Bethlehem, and why did he do it?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

One whose children returned to Jerusalem from the Babylonian captivity.

A prophet by whose remonstrances kindness was shown to suffering captives.

A ruler "almost persuaded to be a Christian."

One who paid King David a visit of congratulation.

Initials and finals, two men, each of whom was in a certain sense father of a race.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 5.

49. Apollos, Acts xviii. 24.
50. The hyssop, Ex. xii. 22.
51. Lentiles, Gen xxv. 34.
52. A grain of mustard seed, Matt. xiii. 31.
53. Wormwood, Jer. ix. 15
54. A lion, Gen. xlix. 9.
55. Mice, 1 Sam. vi. 5.
56. "Asahel was as light of foot as a wild roe," 2 Sam. ii. 18.
57. The sheep, Isaiah liii. 7.
58. "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," Prov. xxiii. 32.
59. The locust, beetle and grasshopper, Lev. xi. 22.
60. Uzzah, 2 Sam. vi. 6, 7.

BIBLICAL ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

525 feet, length of Noah's ark.
87 feet, breadth of Noah's ark
52 feet, height of Noah's ark.

2)664 years Absalom dwelt in Jerusalem.

332
205 years, the age of Terah.

127
3 years Isaiah walked barefoot.

130
7 years, the famine in Joseph's time.

137 years, the age of Amram.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 5.—Edward B. Craig, 12; Jane Patton, 11 ac; Mary Patton, 11 ac; Mary McKell, 11 ac; Anne McGill, 11 ac; Thos. Hooker, 11 ac; Js. McGill, 11 ac; William Watson, 11 ac; Sarah Pattison, 5; Janet Pattison, 4.

To No. 4.—Jane Patton, 12 ac; Hugh Patton, 12 ac; Anne McGill, 12 ac; Js. McGill, 12 ac; Wm. Watson, 12, ac; Maggie Sutherland, 12 ac; Carrie S. Hatfield, 12; Robert W. Murkar, 12; Sarah Fawley, 11; Ada M. Manning, 11; Dora Folson, 11; Frederick J. Priest, 11; Thos. F. Neeland, 11; Thurlow Fraser, 10; Cora M. McIntire, 9; W. H. Simmons, 9; Louie Lloyd, 8; Flora A. McDougall, 8; Charles Butler, 6; James A. Donaldson, ac.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-school Union.)

LESSON II.

APRIL 10.] [About 27 A.D.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Luke 10: 25-37.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 33-37.

25. And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

26. He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?

27. And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.

28. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

29. But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?

30. And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

31. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

32. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

33. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him.

34. And he went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

35. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

36. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

37. And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Lev. 19: 18; and Mark 12: 31.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We are to love our neighbors as ourselves.

NOTES.—JERICHO, a city of high antiquity, whose walls fell down before the Israelites. Joshua 6: 20. It was situated in a rich plain about 18 miles northeast of Jerusalem, and was called the "city of palm trees" at an early date, Deut. 34: 3. Herod beautified the city with extensive buildings, but it was subsequently pillaged and burned by the Roman Emperor Vespasian. The plain now is desolate.—PRIEST one of the descendants or Aaron, all of whom by God's command, except those who were maimed in body, were set apart for the priesthood.—LEVITES, the descendants of Levi not of Aaron's seed. They were a royal guard watching over the tabernacle and encamping around it in the wilderness, Numb 1: 53, and afterward the temple. They were excluded from territorial possessions but were supported by the tithes of the rest of the children of Israel. All those duties in the temple and tabernacle which the priests did not perform belonged to them, such as keeping the vessels clean, opening and shutting the doors, etc., and in subsequent times ringing and playing on the musical instruments.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) LOVE THY NEIGHBOR, (II.) WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR.

I. LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.—(25-29.) LAWYER, one learned in the Old Testament and a public teacher of it; TEMPTED, tested, put to the test; So God tempted (tested) Abraham, Gen. 22: 1. MASTER, the question was designed to discover whether Christ taught anything in conflict with the Law. It was put in the spirit of self-righteousness; ETERNAL LIFE, the ultimate question Christ came to answer; LOVE, ETC., supremely; "HEART, affections; SOUL, life; STRENGTH, activity; MIND, intellect."—Spurgeon; NEIGHBOR, Jews looked upon all Gentiles with a certain contempt, and were bitterly disposed toward the Samaritans; THIS DO, concealed reproach that he did not keep the commandment; LIVE, eternally; WILLING, wishing; TO JUSTIFY, he seems to have felt that Christ meant by neighbors Samaritans and Gentiles, as well as Jews, and no doubt hoped by the answer his subsequent question would elicit, to set himself forth as having obeyed the Law to its full intent.

II. WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR.—(30-37.) CERTAIN MAN, probably a Jew; WENT DOWN, literally true. One descends from the hills in going to Jericho; THIEVES, robbers, the way through the wilderness was infested with brigands; HALF DEAD, helpless and needy of relief; BY CHANCE, "as opposed to necessity."—Bengel. Nothing is fortuitous. God's providence rules everywhere; PRIEST, many priests lived in Jericho who went to Jerusalem only when it came their turn to officiate in the Temple; PASSED BY, absolute neglect; LOOKED, saw, perhaps only glanced at him; PASSED BY, these two persons, on account of a common nationality and of their office, were bound to help the sufferer; COMPASSION, sympathy and pity, he had heart which the others lacked. From this feeling the subsequent actions flow. Such compassion Jesus had for sinners, and showed for all that suffered; WENT TO HIM, went to his side, the other two stopped short of this; OIL AND WINE, to wash and mollify the wounds, a customary remedy, Isa. 1: 6; SET HIM ON, self-denial; he walked, while the wounded man rode; INN, a public stopping-place; TOOK CARE, himself attended to his wants that night; DEPARTED, went on his appointed business. Christian charity need not interfere with our regular business; PENCE, thirty-two cents.

POINTS TO NOTICE: Learn the following lessons:—(1.) Every man is thy neighbor. (2.) All men owe the debt of love the one to the other. (3.) The danger of perverting the commandments in the interests of selfishness. (4.) Love makes good what sin has ruined. (5.) To show mercy is the duty of man to his fellow man.

LESSON III.

APRIL 17.] [About 27 A. D.

THE PHARISEES REPROVED.

Luke 11: 37-47

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 39-41.

37. And as he spake, a certain Pharisee besought him to dine with him: and he went in, and sat down to meat.

38. And when the Pharisee saw it, he marvelled that he had not first washed before dinner.

39. And the Lord said unto him, Now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and the platter: but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness.

40. Ye fools, did not he that made that which is without make that which is within also?

41. But rather give alms of such things as ye have; and, behold, all things are clean unto you.

42. But woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.

43. Woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye love the uppermost seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets.

44. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites: for ye are as graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them.

45. Then answered one of the lawyers, and said unto him, Master, thus saying thou reproachest us also.

46. And he said, Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers.

47. Woe unto you! for ye build the sepulchres of the prophets, and your fathers killed them.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But do not ye after their works: for they say, and do not.—Matt. 23: 3.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

True religion brings fidelity not in words only, but in acts.

INTRODUCTORY.—In the preceding lesson our Lord taught the duty of doing good to our neighbor. In the lesson previous he laid down the conditions of loyal discipleship. In this one he unmasks the sordid motives and proud hearts of pretended religionists, and teaches that a fair exterior can not hide the evil heart from Him who looketh not at the outward appearance but on the heart, 1 Sam. 16: 7.

NOTES.—PHARISEES, one of the three religious parties among the Jews at the time of our Lord. They were the popular party, and represented the principle of intolerance toward all foreign rule, manners and amusements. They were formalists, who had the appearance but not the reality of religion.—SYNAGOGUE, places of worship where the Jews assembled for prayer and the study of the LAW. There were synagogues in every considerable town of Palestine at the time of our Lord, and in heathen cities where Jews were congregated for purposes of commerce. Moses was read and preached in them every Sabbath day, Acts 15: 21. Jesus taught in them, Matt. 4: 23, and performed miracles in them, Mark 1: 23.—SCRIBES, a class of learned men whose duties were at first restricted to copying the Law and teaching it. The first of the class mentioned is Sheva the scribe of David, 2 Sam. 20: 25. They succeeded in getting great power, and became "even more indispensable to the people than the priests."—Hausrath. The scribe circumcised the infant, instructed the child, wrote the certificates of marriage, of divorce, etc. They are frequently mentioned in the same category with the Pharisees, and are frequently denounced by Christ, Matt. 23; 15.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) FALSE HEARTS. (II.) FALSE PRETENCES. (III.) FALSE GUIDES.

I. FALSE HEARTS.—(37-41.) AS HE SPAKE' the preceding discourse from verse 17 on; BESOUGHT, this does not indicate that he was a friend of Christ; DINE, forenoon meal; WASHED BEFORE DINNER, a ritual observance scrupulously observed by the Pharisees. The neglect to follow this traditional practice was made a charge against the disciples, Mark 7: 3-5, Matt. 15: 2; MAKE CLEAN, ETC., "ye wash your hands with water, but do not wash your hearts from wickedness": INWARD PART, the heart; RAVENING, extortion; THAT WHICH IS WITHOUT, the outside; RATHER GIVE ALMS, let your hearts be beneficent and charitable.

II. FALSE PRETENCES.—(42-44.) TITHE, according to the Mosaic Law one-tenth of the produce of the ground was sacred to the Lord; MINT AND RUE, smallest things; JUDGMENT, they forgot that God judges according to the heart, John 7: 24. They strained out gnats and swallowed camels; NOT TO LEAVE THE OTHER UNDONE, Christ does not find fault with them for being exact about trifles. He found fault with them because they stopped there; UPPERMOST, front seats; GREETINGS, marks of attention; MARKETS, places of general resort as well as of traffic; LOVE, "it is not sitting uppermost, or being greeted that is reproved, but loving it."—Henry. The Pharisees were vain and proud, "loving the praise of men more than the praise of God," John 12: 43. They did not practise humility, but sought to "be seen of men," Matt. 23: 5; HYPOCRITES, "they say and do not," Matt. 23: 3.

III. FALSE GUIDES.—(45-47.) LAWYERS, probably the same as the scribes; BURDENS, religious and moral precepts; GRIEVOUS, ETC., difficult to perform; BUILD THE SEPULCHRES, ETC., while they apparently honored the prophets whom their fathers had murdered, they had the spirit of enmity.

LEARN:—

The difference between seeming and being.
God looketh at the heart, 1 Sam. 16: 7.
Keep thy heart with all diligence, Prov. 4: 23.
The form of religion is worth nothing without the spirit of it.

A DEFAULTER.

"Father, what is a defaulter?" asked Roger Dunton, as he looked up from a paper he had been reading.

"A defaulter is one who fails to do his duty," was replied.

"But, father, this paper says that a man defaulted to the amount of fifty thousand dollars."

"That means he appropriated to his own use fifty thousand dollars intrusted to his keeping by others; so that when the time of settlement came, those who trusted him found they had lost that amount."

"Then it is the same as stealing, isn't it?"

"Just the same, although many men do it who would not go into another man's house and take money or goods, any sooner than I would."

"Then how is it? I don't understand. Taking what don't belong to you is stealing, anyway, no matter how it is done."

"That is true, and be sure you never forget it, Roger. People generally regard a defaulter as less guilty than a thief or robber; but the dishonesty is the same. Many defaulters conscientiously intend to replace the money taken for their own use; yet, in taking it for even a short time, they betray their trusts. They run a risk they have no right to run with other people's money, and while it is risked they are really thieves."—*The Well Spring.*

THE DEBT WE OWE.

After an evening service on a recent Sabbath, a stranger called upon a person connected with the American Board, and abruptly said, "I owe a debt which I would like to pay you." The manner of the stranger heightened the wonder his words had excited. He was apparently in humble circumstances, and it was not difficult to believe that he was in debt, yet he owed no money to the person he addressed. When asked to explain, he replied, "Oh! it is not an ordinary debt, but God has been so good to me, and I owe him so much! I thought I could perhaps pay part of my debt to him through you." And he at once handed over $100 to be used for Africa. The amount seemed so large in view of the manifestly humble circumstances of the donor, that he was questioned as to his ability to make such a gift. Were there not some dependent upon him? Did he not need the funds himself? It came to light that he had a family of children, and that his trade was one from which few would suppose he could earn anything more than a bare support. Yet he answered cheerfully, "Yes, I am able to give this, for I have it. It does not belong to me. I owe it all to him?"

Would that all Christ's redeemed people apprehended as clearly as this man the debt of love they owe. A debt of love differs from other debts in this that it imposes no sorrowful weight, and every gift which is made because the pressure of such a debt is felt, brings only peace. What shall a redeemed soul not give to him who died to give redemption?—*Missionary Herald.*

VULGAR WORDS.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." He kept his resolution, and became a pure minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, we cannot think of girls being so much exposed to the peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not give utterance to before her father or mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the "next thing to swearing," and yet "not so wicked." But it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Young reader, keep your mouth free from all impurity, and your "tongue from evil," for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

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